

large amount of rolling stock. No one but an eye-witness can form any idea of what the sudden entry of a victorious army into a town means. Panic seized all the residents and their only thought is to get as far away as possible from that awful enemy. Houses, stores, everything is abandoned, and in less time than it takes to tell it the soldiers have full possession. Each one considers himself a monarch of all he surveys, and loses no time in appropriating whatever he can lay his hands on. There is no better place than the army for the study of human nature. The man of inquiring mind hastens to the library where he makes his choice selections. The peasant who feasts for the inner man to try to consider the stomach above things. The applejack in the cellar has long to wait for the bibacious ones who have been patiently longing for the opportunity. The musical inclined hunt up everything that will give even a pretence for sound, and quantity rather than quality is the rule, but the most ludicrous part of a raid like this is when the fun-loving band has arrayed themselves in the wearing apparel found in closets and chests. I never knew it to fall when a soldier had donned the dress of the fairer sex that they did not invariably finish up with the hoop skirt and corset on the outside.

From Jacksonville the Thirty-fifth was ordered again to South Carolina to co-operate with Sherman who was then on his famous march from Atlanta to the sea. On the 30th of November they fought the battle of Honey Hill. I have yet to see in history a single line on this battle, but in my mind there was no engagement more deserving of mention. For the forces engaged and the time it took it was indeed a sharp one. There was a narrow corduroy road flanked on both sides with almost impregnable swamps. A sharp bend brought us to an elevated place where a fort had been built directly across the road, mounting five guns which pointed down at us like so many fingers. There was no chance to form line of battle. In massed columns we were ordered to charge round that bend, up the hill and take the fort. With a yell we double quicked forward. Those guns were as silent as the grave until we reached the trenches, when out of their mouths belched fire, followed by grape and canister. A scythe drawn through flowing grass could not have mowed it down more completely than that charge did the brave men in front of that line. We held it until dark, and then slowly retreated back to our starting point. At our recall that night four officers and 125 men failed to respond.

I remember well when we started on the last mad charge up that hill. I made a parade of the hill. I was a breveted Brigadier-General for gallant services. In February, 1866 I was ordered to proceed with my company and take command of Johns Island with instructions to aid the Freedmen's Bureau in establishing amicable relations between the planters and their former slaves. It was a very hard matter to convince the freedmen that they had not a right to take possession of the land on which many of them had spent the greater part of their lives. Most of them positively refused to enter into any contract with their old masters, and the only alternative was to remove them to one of the sea islands, where the Government had made provision for them. In May I was ordered to rejoin my regiment at Summerville, S. C. War was over, but it was necessary to change the system of government from martial to civil law. The circuit courts had been largely composed of officers of the United States Army. Every civilian was compelled to take the oath of allegiance and the reins of government was turned over to them. While there was a semblance of the Confederacy the women were loyal to that cause, but they could not long withstand the allurements of our soldiers in time of peace, and long before the recall of the troops they were fairly reconstructed, and more than one of them surrendered and accompanied the Yankee soldier back to his Northern home. On the 22d day of July, just five years from the date of my enlistment, I was mustered out of the service and returned home.

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